

HOW TO AVOID BAD BREAKS.

POINTS ON ETIQUETTE.

By HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

Lapses of Her Gentleman Friend.
Dear Mrs. Ayer:
My gentleman friend is very good, but he lacks etiquette. Sometimes he walks ahead of me, falls to help me out of the car, goes up the stairs ahead of me and fails to raise his hat at times. I do not like to tell him his faults as I know he loves me and I love him, and I do not like to hurt his feelings. MAMIE.

POSSIBLY the man reads The Evening World.
If he does, he may take the hint which I shall attempt to give. If he is one of the very rare young persons who do not read The Evening World, can you not lead the conversation to the question of "Etiquette" and declare your views, backing them up if you wish with my opinion, which I here give.
Gentlemen permit ladies to precede them excepting in emergencies, such as in a crowd where the gentleman wishes to make way for the lady; a gentleman leaves the car first, and waits to assist the lady. He permits a lady to precede him up the stairs, unless there is some reason for his going ahead. He raises his hat always when he meets a woman, when he leaves her and when he is with another man or woman who happens to

meet a woman acquaintance who may be a stranger to the gentleman in question.
No sensible man has his feeling hurt by being gently informed of the usages of society; on the contrary, every intelligent man wishes to observe customary civilities, and above all things desires not to be conspicuous for disregarding the civilities and amenities that obtain among polite persons.

The Etiquette of Musicals.
Dear Mrs. Ayer:
A gentleman friend of a certain young lady I know has invited her to a musical which was given by his club. The gentleman friend did not call at the lady's house to escort her, but she went with a lady friend who had been invited by the same gentleman, having only an invitation card. You would oblige by stating whether the young lady was right in her conduct. A. B. C.

If the gentleman merely gave the lady cards to the musical, he was under no obligations to escort her. If he asked her to go as his guest he should of course have accompanied her. These points should be understood at the time the invitation is given.

I imagine that the young man expected to meet the lady, if he met her at the musical, inasmuch as he gave her the tickets, otherwise he would have invited her and provided tickets when he reached the place of entertainment.

It was quite proper for the girl to go accompanied by a friend, who was also an invited guest.

To Address a Business Letter.
Dear Mrs. Ayer:
I desire to know the proper form of writing a business letter—that is, how and where should the two addresses appear on the inside of the letter? BERTHA.

THE address should appear in this wise:
James Allen Martyn,
Broker and Commission Merchant,
No. 14 Exchange place,
New York City, Sept. 14, 1901.

At the termination of the letter—
Yours very truly,
James Allen Martyn,
John Huxley, Esq.,
Importer of Woolen Goods,
No. 21 Chambers St., N. Y.

OUR THIRD MARTYR-PRESIDENT.

The mournful news from Buffalo will fall heavily on the hearts of a sorrowing nation. William McKinley, twenty-fifth in the line of American Presidents, is dead. The hopes of the nation, but yesterday so high and apparently so well justified by the confidence of the physicians, are thus abruptly and cruelly crushed.

For the moment the American people will think only of the great, gentle-hearted man whose name has been added to those of Lincoln and Garfield on the Republic's roll of martyr-Presidents. Perhaps the bitterest drop in this cup of national grief is that the assassin has taken from the nation's highest post of duty a man who, in all the relationships of life, public and private, and no less in his official than in his domestic character, was amiable and generous to a fault, kindly to the point of tenderness and devotedly true in all things.

His blameless and really beautiful home life, the typically American constancy of affection which bound him to his wife and her to him, making each the first object of the other's solicitude, so that the public rarely saw and never thought of the President without seeing and thinking also of Mrs. McKinley, especially endeared him to the masses of home-loving Americans.

This side of his character gave him while he lived, and will keep for him now that he is dead, the same kind of profound popular respect and liking which the other branch of the Anglo-Saxon family felt and still feels for Queen Victoria.

This is neither the place nor the hour for any extended review of Mr. McKinley's administration or political policies. It is merely stating facts in a brief and comprehensive way to say that the country has enjoyed a remarkable period of material prosperity since he was first inaugurated; that his financial policy, which held the country fast to the moorings of a sound and honest currency, was a fundamental condition of that prosperity. For this alone the nation will ever remember his two elections with gratitude. Beyond this, as his last speech at Buffalo clearly showed, Mr. McKinley had an open, receptive, and therefore progressive mind, and, had not the hand of the assassin interposed, was ready to lead his party and the country in the inauguration of a broader, freer and sounder commercial policy.

To lose such a man at such a time is indeed a great national misfortune. To lose him in such a manner—a sacrifice to the motiveless mania for murder of the Anarchists—is the most lamentable feature of it all. Yet will he not have died in vain if his death leads to a concentration of all the resources of civilization in a stern and effective effort to repress the international Ishmaelites whose hands are against all law-abiding men, and against whom, therefore, the hands of all law-abiding men must be joined.

THE SULTAN AND HIS COOKS.

By letter and cable it is proclaimed that the Sultan has been called upon to face a mutiny of his kitchen staff caused by unpaid wages. Of course he took prompt measures, and several offending caterers to the imperial table are now looked in solitary cells. But there is little consolation to a suffering palate in distributing penalties to the bringers of gustatory grief, and it is undoubtedly true that while the mutiny lasted the chief of the unspeakable Turks was a man of unmodified sorrow.

The Sultan could not find diversion in classifying his disaster with the servant-girl trouble in Chicago, since his staff is not that kind. Being given more to good living than to good literature, he could discover no comfort in combating Burton's dictum that "cooks are gentlemen" with the more spicy and pointed affirmation of John Taylor that "God sends meat and the devil sends cooks." Nor could he end his difficulty, as he might have done had his striking creditors been a nation, by giving the troublesome ones an indemnifying order for a warship and then finding an excuse to reject the boat.

The lord of the harem has surely fallen upon hard lines.

TIME FOR COOKING VEGETABLES.

MUCH depends on the age and condition of the vegetables, and also the manner in which they are cooked, fresh young vegetables requiring, of course, much less time. A table can give you only the approximate length of time. Use judgment and common sense, and when the vegetables are tender do not cook them longer.

Bake potatoes 30 to 40 minutes. Steam potatoes, 20 to 40 minutes. Boil potatoes (in their skins) 20 to 30 minutes. Boil potatoes (pared), 25 to 45 minutes. Asparagus (young), 15 to 30 minutes. Beans (young), 45 minutes. Corn (green), 12 to 20 minutes. Cauliflower, 20 to 40 minutes. Cabbage (young), 35 to 40 minutes. Celery, 20 to 30 minutes. Carrots, 1 to 2 hours. Lima or shell beans, 45 minutes to 1 1/2 hours. Onions, 30 to 60 minutes. Oyster plant, 45 to 60 minutes. Peas, 20 to 30 minutes. Parsnips (young), 30 to 45 minutes. Spinach, 20 to 30 minutes. String beans, 30 to 60 minutes. Summer squash, 20 to 30 minutes. Turnips (young), 15 minutes. Tomatoes (stewed), 45 to 60 minutes.

When vegetables are served with boiled salt meat they must be cooked in the liquor from the meat after it has been removed.

HOW TO READ CHARACTER.

THE face that is long and not narrow denotes large, liberal views, strong passions and heroic virtues. If they are long and narrow a weak character is denoted. Evenly grown teeth show a better disposition and better developed mind than those that are straight and pointed. Long noses are cautious and prudent; short ones impulsive and joyous. Deep-colored eyes, with well-arched lids, both upper and lower, show a truthful and affectionate nature. An eyebrow slightly curling at the outer edge indicates a jealous nature. There is a whole world of telltale indications in the apex of the ear. If it lies close to the head the owner possesses a cold nature. But if the top

TO-DAY'S LOVE STORY. A SPOT OF INK.

By LOUIS FARAN.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
WAS very much in love with Laurence Prevail, an actress, who in real life, as on the stage, was a great coquette.

One day we had a violent discussion, and, in spite of the thousand follies I had committed for her, the pretty coquette declared that she would never see me or hear my name again.

My heart was broken, but I did not wish to show my grief, and calling all my pride to my aid, I feigned perfect composure. In order to simulate complete indifference I determined to leave Paris for a time.

My after day passed without bringing me any news.
Decidedly Laurence sulked well, and I began to fear that she was obstinate about our falling out. After fifteen days I lost hope. She had not recalled me. What should I do?

My pride was gone. I made up my mind to beg her pardon, although she was the one in fault. This decision made I shut myself up in my room to write to her.

What did I say in my letter? Heaven! All that a young and foolish head like mine could think of! My despair, my love, my regret, excuses, promises, vows! It all flowed like a single stream from my fevered pen, and it was not until I reached the last page that I thought of stopping. With a firm hand I signed my name, when, oh, misery! My pen, agitated by too much emotion, gave a little start and threw a great blot of ink on the white paper.

My door partly opened and my cousin's head appeared.
"Have you an eraser or a knife? Something to take out a spot?"
"Spot?"

"I have just made a huge blot."
"Would you like me to try to remove it?"
I had no doubt that the blot was much

more likely to disappear under her hands than under mine, and I gladly consented, moving back to make room for her.

She passed lightly in front of me and began her delicate task.

The spot which shone in through my window fell on her, turning to gold the little ringlets on her white neck.

For the first time I noticed that my cousin Yvonne was very pretty. There was already something of the woman about her, but there also remained much of the child and the mixture of a golden glow.

"See," she exclaimed, "Without blotting paper you can do nothing!" Her fresh, firm voice had a penetrating charm.

She was so pure, so sweet, it was as if a perfume of candor disengaged itself from her person.

The sun made a golden nimbus of her curling locks.

The look of her soft throat attracted me irresistibly.

I had a mad desire to kiss her there, but an instinctive feeling of respect stopped me suddenly. Yvonne was decidedly no child, and, strangely enough, I was much moved by this thought.

This spot of ink had turned my head! I realized that Yvonne was eighteen years old; that she would soon fall in love; some one would love her; they would marry.

Oh, I did not wish these moments flying so swiftly now to come to an end! Yvonne was certainly a pretty, very pretty. Why had I never noticed it before? I had been treating her as if she was still in short dresses.

As I looked at her I was filled with uneasiness that was full of charm.

I do not know how long I was plunged in this vague, sweet reverie, but suddenly something brought me back to myself. I leaned over Yvonne's shoulder and saw that she was crying.

My ink spot was effaced, no, drowned by a tear, a pearly drop that had fallen from Yvonne's eyes.

She had read, she had understood, and she wept.

The tear was never sent. I never saw Laurence again.

As I looked at these blond curls I wondered in spite of myself how I could ever have admired Laurence's hair—dye, hair, the shades of which now seemed to me so vulgar!

Yvonne had turned her back to me and I could see nothing but her delicate silhouette, her little ear lost in a wealth of golden tresses.

By leaning to the side I could get a glimpse of her profile. Her long brown

which they could take refuge till the storm had ceased. A similar belief still lingers in some remote parts of England, as in Cornwall, for instance, where the cast-off skin of an adder is often suspended from the rafters of a cottage or outhouse. In France, too, the peasantry still wind a snake skin around their headgear when they see that a thunderstorm is working up.

Coral necklaces have often been worn for the same purpose, also the eagle's plume, as that bird is supposed to be quite invulnerable to lightning from its connection with Jupiter. The Romans were also much addicted to wearing bay leaves as a preservative.

The Germans place their faith in the powers of a nettle. In Sussex, household lightning flash, which was supposed, however, to have no power to harm those who were asleep. The Romans believed in the efficacy of the skins of snakes and seals, either worn upon the persons or made into tents, beneath

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WILL MONEY EVER DISPLACE LOVE?

Character Should Count.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Although money will purchase a great many things it will not purchase true love. The girl who wants to get married and have a happy home, will not look for money, but will choose the man who she thinks will do his best to make her happy. The kind of a man every sensible girl is looking for in the man with a good character, smart and able to support a wife. When this kind of a man comes forward the girl will accept him without millions. Money will not have as much effect on a true heart as love. A sensible girl will accept a man for his character and not for his money. Many girls have married poor men who in after years placed them in beautiful mansions. Miss T. HILL.

No. 65 Amsterdam avenue, N. Y. City.

Forty-six Years of Love.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What is love? Is it something that lives in us? The soul is love. The Master's love is certain the soul. He is love. We are all love. Then love between the sexes is born of the Master God, for He is love and we are His image. So it is when we take our true love to our hearts to keep for life. Money is not thought of when true love is born to us in our souls. I married my husband aged, am now sixty-six, and still have my love, and if he lives forty-six years more and I am living, I shall still have him. I took him for better or for worse, as my own to have and to hold, as he likewise promised before that Master's own earthly preacher and Bible. Given us to be faithful to each other. I am a grandma now. My husband is only seventy-two, hale and hearty in looks. He raised 200 bushels of potatoes and cut ten tons of hay this year, so he is not so feeble. We have seen better days; so far as wealth is concerned we have lost; we now have no home of our own, but we still make the mighty dollar and have plenty to eat and to wear. We feed York State and Connecticut when they call to our hotel, and believe when you

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see us, if you call on us, that our love, you will see, has been no failure.

A. E. PAKLEY,
Brookfield, Conn.

Love Will Help Forever.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Love is an immortal God that reigns within the palace of the soul (the heart). From earliest infancy it demonstrates its authority in some phase or other, claiming as its own the object of its adoration and casting a halo of unerring tenderness about the chosen one. 'Tis a part of one's self that does not end with childhood, youth nor yet old age, but remains steadily on the life beyond. Gold is a metal of unapproachable value and great usefulness, but it is a thing that rules the head and has no voice in the heart. Whether or not the young lady of today chooses gold to love is a matter of individuality alone. It depends solely upon the chooser's self. The gift of the multi-millionaire will have no serious effect on a sensible girl, who knows that such a gift occurs rarely, perhaps every century. HARRIET M. HARRIS,
Newark, N. J.

Money Will Not Rule Hearts.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I say no. Money cannot and will not rule hearts that true love once aways, and will never cause any girl who loves a man with true love to be slow in accepting him as her husband. As for myself, I would much rather be the bride of a poor, steady, upright man (such as could trust, honor and obey, and respect in every way) than to possess any amount of riches; for true happiness can be in homes of luxury

ABOUT THE ART OF LETTER-WRITING.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Are women better letter-writers than men? JANICE.

I am tempted to instantly reply, "Yes." But on thinking over the subject I am bound to confess that the greatest epistolary efforts of literature belong to men.

Woman has done nothing to equal the grace and elegance of Chesterfield; the humor and playfulness of Lamb, or the virility and malice of Junius.

On the other hand, woman has done some great work in the domain of letter-writing.

Many of Mrs. de Sevigne's letters exercised a widespread influence over the public mind and manners of her day. While her letters are not, to my mind, interesting on account of her practical and unpoetical mind yet she has delighted us with many graphic sketches of the gay world of the close of the eighteenth century; and, too, we find many wholesome ideas and much salutary advice.

The letters of Mrs. de Sevigne are among the choicest jewels of literature. Their purity, naturalness, gentle humor, patience and love have placed them in

the highest rank of epistolary art. The incomparable letters of Eugene de Guerin are brimful of simplicity, tender grace and sisterly love, and the letters of Mrs. P. Arbury delight us with their humor and graphic descriptions.

The art of letter-writing should be given much thought and much study. To be a good letter-writer is to be a joy to our friends and a comfort and a solace to those we love. To write an interesting letter is in the gift of everybody—a great fund of knowledge is not necessary.

Cultivate a style that is at once lucid, natural and simple—excess letters are the most readable. Avoid bombast and high rhetorical effect, and above all things do not write senseless or undignified letters, that you will wish back before the end of six months.

Cultivate Observation and Concentration. Notice the many small events that happen in your daily life, and from them a lesson in humor, pathos or love.

When you endeavor to pursue a certain train of thought, keep your mind on it intently till you have extracted

what there is in it. Do not let your thoughts fly off on a tangent on a dozen things, but think out one clearly and thoroughly.

Among epistolary curiosities I might mention the letters of Talleyrand. They are sometimes brief to ludicrousness. One occasion the husband of a friend of his died, and he sent her the following letter of condolence:

Mme. La Duchesse:
Alas,
Pathetically yours,
TALLEYRAND.

In due course of time the lady again married, and his congratulations were thus:

Mme. La Duchesse:
High-ho!
TALLEYRAND.

I might also mention of the Quaker who sent a letter to his friend consisting of "T" and received in reply an answer thus: "O." CATHERINE KING.

A NEW SANDWICH.

FOR several years each season has seen the advent of a new sandwich. This season's favorite seems to be the new green-pepper sandwich, which is made of chopped green peppers with the addition of mayonnaise dressing. After being filled the bread is cut in oblong pieces an inch and a half wide by two and a half long. Indeed, the desire for many sandwiches is evidently to show the shape of the sandwiches served at their entertainments that these delicacies are made at home, since every one knows that the caterer's taste is

TO WEAR IN THE KITCHEN.

TOO many housewives neglect to provide themselves with sleeves which can be quickly slipped over the dress sleeves when an emergency calls them to the kitchen. White cambric is the best for this, and the full kind, gathered at the top and bottom over a rubber cord, is generally most satisfactory.

The best apron for occasional use in the kitchen is made of straight lengths of cambric sewed together in a piece wide enough to easily cover the figure. The bottom and sides are trimmed

OBEO'S NEW RIVAL.

ANXIOUS housewives will be glad to know that "vegetaline," made by a Massachusetts firm by refining oil extracted from the coconuts (dried coconuts), and now placed on the English market, is not, as it was feared, an imitation butter or even a substitute for butter in its domestic uses, says the London Express. According to the makers' agents, "vegetaline" is almost entirely a manufacturer's article, although it can be used in the kitchen for making pastry, and will be supplied in retail if there is any demand for it. It is the value of the process by which "vegetaline" is made will, it is claimed, be in providing bakers and biscuit manufacturers with a substitute for butter which is not only pure and cheap, but which, for biscuits in particular, is better than butter.

FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.

To cut this blouse in medium size 35-36 yards of material 21 inches wide, 3-1/2 yards 21 inches wide, 2-7/8 yards 22 inches wide or 2 yards 24 inches wide will be required, with 3-8 yards of all-



PHILPOTTS'S TONGUE.

BILPHOP PHILPOTTS, of Exeter, early earned his reputation for saying sharp things. One of the guests at an undergraduates' party in Oxford sang a song much out of tune. Then Philpotts was called upon.

"It haven't a note in my voice," said he.

"Well, if you can't sing, you must make a speech or tell a story," declared the host.

"If I am to tell a story," said the future bishop, "I think I should say that I should like to hear—sing that song again!"

petition was presented to the School Board last spring, signed by over 300 citizens, taxpayers, and the business people of our section, besides the many letters addressed to the Mayor, President of the Board of Education and to the several members of the School Board, by the association and citizens of the west side, without any results. The people of our section no doubt know where to fix the responsibility and are only waiting for Nov. 1 to make a

MEETING.
T WAS born in the breath of a certain rose
The first sweet sunset, the
The call and answer, the blush
That glows,
The faltering, slow dance,
It passed as it came, though the
Wooded it to listen and stay;
But the song and the rose to the
hour belongs,
As the morrow follows the day.

Yet its reign was planned against
all odds,
For how should the soul with-
stand
The life, the grace, the awaken-
ing sense,
That came in the touch of a
hand? —Pall Mall Gazette.

PEBBLES FOR THIRST.
AN exchange quotes a physician as recommending what is certainly a unique manner of quenching thirst, and pertinent for summer consumption. The physician makes the statement that thirst disappears and perspiration is diminished by keeping a small round pebble in the mouth. By this means, he asserts, he has gone as many as eight hours in a broiling sun without thirst, and at the end of that time has not collected from thirst.